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A NEW SONG, ON THE Strange and Wonderful GROANING BOARD.

2. Octo. 1682.

I.

WHat Fate inſpired thee with Groans,
To fill *Phanatick Brains?*
What is't thou ſadly thus bemoans,
In thy Prophetick Strains?

II.

Art thou the Ghoſt of *William Pryn*,
Or ſome Old Politician?
Who long tormented for his Sin,
Laments his ſad Condition?

III.

Or muſt we now believe in thee,
Th' Old Cheat Tranſmigration?
And that thou now art come to be
A Call to Reformation?

IV.

The giddy Vulgar to thee run,
Amaz'd with Fear and Wonder;
Some dare affirm, that hear thee groan,
Thy Noiſe is petty Thunder.

V.

One ſays and Swears, you do foretell
A Change in Church and State;
Another ſays, you like not well
Your Maſter *Stephens* Fate.

VI.

Some ſay, you Groan much like a *Whigg*,
Or rather like a *Ranter*;
Some ſay as loud, and full as big
As *Conventicle Canter*.

VII.

Some ſay, you do Petition,
And think you repreſent
The Woe, and ſad Condition
Of Old *Rump Parliament*.

VIII.

The wiſeſt ſay, you are a Cheat;
Another Politician
Say's, 'tis a Miſtery as great
And true, as *Hatfield Viſion*.

IX.

Some ſay, 'tis a *New Evidence*,
Or Witneſs of the *Plot*;
And can Diſcover many things,
Which are the Lord knows what.

X.

And leaſt you ſhould the *Plot* Diſgrace,
For wanting of a Name,
Narrative Board henceforth we'll place
In Regiſters of *Fame*.

London, Printed for *T. P.* in the Year 1682.